FIGARO IN LONDON.

Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—Lady Montague.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones) of Political history. They supply information as to the personal habits, and often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—Croker's New Whig Guide.

No. 75.] SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1833. [Price One Penny

SIR ANDREW'S IMPERTINENT BILL.

As the Sabbath observance humbug is still matter of general conversation, and as it is very likely some more rational bill must be found as a substitute for that of Sir Andrew Agnew, which has been smashed by one grand and simultaneous burst of national contempt, we consider it our duty to relieve the legislature from its probable embarrassment, by suggesting to their pious consideration the following outline of an act of Parliament. It will be seen we differ somewhat in our views from Sir Andrew Agnew, for while he wishes to enforce upon the poor a 650 ass power of act of Parliament piety, we think

THE SABBATH BREAKERS.

it expedient to direct the legislative engine against the rich, who can only break the Sabbath from choice, while those whom Sir Andrew wishes to oppress, seldom violate the sanctity of the Sunday but from stern necessity.

However, we will without further preface, present our promised document.

An act to enforce the better observance of the Lord's Day.

Whereas it is expedient to be religious at least once a week, and no act of Parliament now in existence is likely to enforce piety from anybody.

Be it therefore enacted, that any gentleman, nobleman, bishop or any other blackguard whatsoever, who may wish to feast his filthy stomach with luxurious superfluities on the

Lord's day, shall not subject the souls of his servants unnecessarily to everlasting damnation, by causing them to break the Sabbath in cooking or serving said superfluities, but that every such gentleman, nobleman, bishop or other blackguard, be bound to cook and serve his own victuals, so that he may go to hell accordingly.

That any nobleman, bishop or other blackguard, found vagabondising at any play-house, opera, or assembly after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, shall be seized by the proper officer, and subject to a pillory of not exceeding thirty rotten eggs, nor less than twenty. And be it further enacted that any person riding round the ring in Hyde Park in any private vehicle on the Lord's day, shall be deposited with his equipage in the nearest Green Yard till Monday morning, and shall then be sentenced to two months at the tread mill, for going round Hyde Park once, four months for riding twice, and so on *ad infinitum* at the rate of two months at the mill for each additional circuit.

That any nobleman, nobleman's wife, or son, or daughter, or bishop, or his wife, or son, or daughter, or any other blackguards, with their wives, or their sons, or daughters, who shall be found riding any where on horseback during any portion of the Lord's day, shall be conveyed to the pound nearest to where the sacrilege is committed, and shall be detained without food in the aforesaid pound, during his most gracious Majesty's excellent pleasure.

That any person riding in a private carriage to church shall be subjected to a smart pillory of dead cats, the number of the animals to be determined by the discretion of the magistrates.

And be it further enacted that members of parliament be not allowed to follow any kind of occupation on the Sabbath, nor to eat any thing whatever excepting their own words, according to custom, observed among them from time immemorial.

That Sinecurists may have the privilege of doing work on Sunday, if they are able or willing; in consideration that they do make a Sabbath of all the other six days in the week, avoiding all manner of work with the most fastidious piety.

And, lastly, be it enacted, that no one does attempt on the Sabbath day to give credit to Lyndhurst for one atom of honesty, inasmuch as such very hard work as this endeavour implies, would be, if practised on Sunday, a great enormity.

Such is the sort of Bill that is wanted to enforce the observance of the fourth commandment, and it is with energy like that we have infused into the above outline of a Bill, that Parliament ought boldly to legislate.

The two Caricatures which grace the present number of *Figaro*, have been done with others to illustrate a satire on the Saints, which is to be published in a day or two. As we always show a preference to the readers of this publication, we could not forbear treating them to the first taste of the racy sketches (fourteen in all) that Seymour has done to adorn the *brochure* called *Sycophant Saints and Sabbath Sinners*, which we have written, and shall issue to the world for one shilling, immediately.

THE INTERPRETER.

Horrors of Hair Curling.

QUEEN-SQUARE.—A youth, named Richard Churchman, was charged with stealing a necklace from the person of a little girl, the daughter of Wm. Porter, a tailor, residing in Spencer's-place, Chelsea. The prisoner was seen to take the necklace from the neck of Mrs. Porter's daughter; but on his being taken into custody, the property could not be found. This having been proved, the following dialogue took place:—

Mr. White.—How many children have you, Missis?—*Mrs. Porter.*—I have seven, your Worship.

Mr. White.—And are you in the habit of curling the whole of your children's hair, as you have this one's?—*Mrs. Porter.*—No, Sir; the girls only have their hair curled.

Mr. White.—Pray do the whole of your children wear such fine necklaces as the one taken from this child?

Mrs. Porter.—They do not, Sir. The one stolen was given to my child by a friend. I do not understand the meaning of such questions, I presume I have a right to dress my children as I like?

Mr. White.—I'll tell you, Missis, I shall not be at all sorry if you never recover your child's necklace. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for allowing your children to go about the streets with such fine things around their necks, as it is an encouragement to petty thieves. But, however this may be, we will remand the prisoner until Tuesday, to give you an opportunity of recovering the property, and if you should get it back, I would recommend you to sell it, and purchase something more useful.—*Morning Chronicle of Monday.*

We last week took occasion to notice an observation made by Laing upon a girl's head of hair, the curling of which gave offence to his most worshipful ideas of propriety. The case cited above seems to show that the Bench has a natural antipathy to curled heads, and a turn in the hair of any one brought up to a police office, appears to be a sufficient pretext for the display of official brutality. It is beyond our sagacity to conceive what can be the cause of the objection manifested by the magistracy towards the custom of curling hair which prevails among females in every rank of society. We should like to know whether White's own daughters appear in the simplicity of crops, or wear their hair streaming about their shoulders like so many heroines in the last scene of a melodrama. The privilege of keeping their persons tidy is not yet professedly withheld from the poor, though they are often debarred from the means of doing so. If our legislators had this brutal horror of neatness which is evinced by the metropolitan magistracy, we should have Bills brought into Parliament for restricting the use of soap, to those only who were possessed of a certain amount of property, and entailing two months at Brixton upon any person appearing with a clean face who could not swear to his possession of at least 100*l.* per annum. Thank heaven we are not yet arrived at that, and therefore Laing, White, and similar nasty brutes, must continue to be occasionally tormented by the sight of personal cleanliness. It will be seen White expressed a hope that Mrs. Porter might not recover her child's necklace, on the ground that by placing such things on her daughters' necks she held out to thieves a temptation to robbery. On this principle what wholesale roguery must be suggested by the numerous ladies who vulgarly flaunt in gaudy finery through the streets of the metropolis. Is there more inducement to take the comparatively valueless necklace of a humble individual, than to seize the tawdry ornaments from the bedizened necks and meretriciously-tricked-out persons of more wealthy females. But White, like all other petty "jacks in office," knows where to make animadversions without fear of losing any thing by his freedom of speech, and he heroically hectors over the wives and children of those who have no power to punish his low-bred impertinence. One more observation and we have done. White expresses a hope that certain stolen property may not be recovered, which is an open exultation at the success of a theft, which is most indecorous as the public avowal of a magistrate, however fully we may make allowance for his private sympathy with plunderers.

Palace Blackguardism.

A short time ago the King of Naples requested the young Queen (a daughter of the late King of Sardinia) to sit down to the piano at a

little Court *soiree*. The Queen at first declined, but at the King's urgent solicitation she at length consented. Just as she was about to seat herself at the instrument, the King drew back her chair, and the Queen fell. On rising she reproached his Majesty for the ill-mannered joke, observing that she thought she had married a King, but that she had only married a *lazzarone*. The King's *reposta* was conveyed in two smart *soufflets*. In consequence of this conjugal misunderstanding an exchange of Couriers has taken place between the Courts of Naples and Sardinia. The result has not yet transpired.—*Court Journal.*

That Kings and Queens can behave like low bred blackguards, nobody acquainted with the history of George IV. could for a moment doubt, and though his Majesty of Naples does not wander drunk about his capital smashing lamps and breaking watchmens' lanterns like "*the most finished gentleman in England*" was wont to do, he amuses himself by upsetting his Queen upon the floor for the amusement of his visitors. A *Court soirée* at Naples, must be an interesting affair if the *badinage* of the illustrious host extends to the amiable trick of knocking down his Queen, and following up her expostulation by two smart *soufflets*. The remonstrance of her Majesty is characterised by a broad vulgarity worthy the alliance she has entered into. She retorts upon the King by calling him in no measured terms a downright blackguard, for such is the meaning of the word *lazzarone* which she is said to have applied to him. It is really a low set out altogether, though the allowance for the Queen ought to be great when we consider that she must have come upon the ground "*with a devil of a whop*" as they would say in the refined circles of royalty.

ENGLISH MELODIES, No. 39.

It is unnecessary for us to furnish any introduction to the following stanzas, for every one will see the force of their application. The appearance of the civil list is a damning proof of Whig rapacity. Whatever may have been the opinion entertained of them before, the list of sinecures and places held by the Grey family, speaks pretty plainly the character of the Cabinet.

AIR.—*When the rosy morn appearing.*

When the civil list appearing,
Shows the gold the people pay,
Drones on banks of money sporting
Suck the public cash away.

Whigs their cunning tricks proclaiming
Carol in a Tory strain.
They forsake their past opinions
To secure the golden grain.

See, the ministerial ninny
Takes the births that vacant fall;
Grey, his kindred fondly viewing,
Kindly doth provide for all.

GLOUCESTERIANA.—No. 39.

"Aid-de-camp of my soul," tenderly whined the Duke to Higgins, "those fools the Commons have rejected Attwood's motion on the Currency." Higgins acknowledged his master's parliamentary erudition, by a protracted prostration of his carcase upon the floor of the apartment. "Now," continued his Royal Highness, "I am of opinion that bank notes are the only things to relieve England, for I solemnly defy the people of this or any other country *to flourish*, (as the writing masters say) upon any thing else but *paper*." Higgins retched.

"What a farce it was to make you a Colonel, was'nt it Higgins?" said Gloucester the other morning in a facetious mood, "why you never could draw a sword you old fool except with a pencil, eh, my worthy warrior?" The aid-de-camp laughingly acquiesced. "But Higgins my boy, where ought you to live now that you are a Colonel, can you tell me that?" The military man responded "In *an ouse (a house)* to be sure." "No you idiot," elegantly rejoined the Duke, "as you're a *kernel* you ought to be confined to *a-n-ut (a hut)*." The aid-de-camp sniffed.

"Higgins, my boy, come along," said the Duke, "I'll take you to Barbican." The *aid-de-camp* put on his cap, and attended on his patron. Having reached Barbican, they entered Franks', and the Duke treated Higgins to a new hat, "because," he observed, "now they've taken the duty off *tiles*, these things must be cheaper." After His Royal Highnes had settled quite honourably for the beaver, receiving an allowance of two shillings for Higgins' old one, he asked publicly in the shop what individual mentioned in classical history would be the best customer to hat makers. The whole establishment was puzzled till the Duke exclaimed, "*Pollux* of course, you cursed fools, for he never could bear to be without his *Castor*." The *aid-de-camp* swooned into an adjacent bandbox, and Gloucester had to pay threepence for the damage, which is to be deducted from Higgins' pocketmoney.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakspeare.*

Going, going.

Since the Whig Cabinet in its zeal for fraud and oppression cannot *restrain* itself, it is not probable it will be able long to *keep itself in*.

A kind hint.

Lord Grey complains he cannot succeed in pleasing any party. He should follow the example of duellists, and by *going out* he would certainly *give satisfaction*.

Vice versa.

It is asserted that bad Ministers have contracted the National Debt. This we deny, for instead of having *contracted* it at all, bad Ministers have most materially *extended* it.

A rapid decline.

It is asserted that nothing belonging to the Whig Ministry now *goes down* with the people. Who can deny there is one thing about them that still continues *to go down? Their popularity!*

An appropriate post.

The Duke of Richmond has always been a nonentity in the Ministry, though he may be said to fill an appropriate situation, for the Post-office is just the place to be occupied by *a dead letter*.

The Mirror of Parliament.

Mr. Bayntun the member for York, declares it is unfair so much comment should have been made on the late affair with the pawnbroker. He should recollect that *looking glasses* naturally cause *reflection*.

The Mauraders.

The Whigs at one time were triumphantly *carrying every thing before them*, and if we look to the list of appointments given to their friends, we shall find they seemed pretty well resolved to *leave nothing behind them*.

THEATRICALS.

The prediction to which we last week gave publicity, is this week verified, and the actors of Covent Garden are turned out of the patent theatre to seek patronage in a minor house for the legitimate drama. We are thoroughly disgusted with that many-headed or rather, we ought to say, no-headed beast the public, which, while it idly yelps for the legitimate drama, will patronize nothing but the filthy fooleries of Astley's, or the fantastic efforts of rapacious foreigners. People will flock in offensive herds to see Mr. Gomersal ram his fingers up his nose, and

wipe them on his trousers, which he calls playing the part of Bonaparte; they will go to see Ducrow caper on the back of an unhappy quadruped, or to witness the indecencies of the buffoon in the circle; they will go to feast themselves on such dishes as these, but cannot be attracted to the theatre by a truly beautiful and legitimate play like the Wife, a Tale of Mantua. It is a fact, that Astley's is crowded nightly, and a premium is thus awarded to every thing calculated to disgust and to degrade, while Mr. Knowles's exquisite play is so neglected by the town, that its production is actually the cause of closing the house that produces it. What encouragement is there for genius when such facts as these are constantly occurring. Mr. K. would be better remunerated if he could stretch his legs over the backs of six horses, than he is for writing a piece that has redeemed this country from the charge of a dearth of dramatic genius. Unfortunate is he who *relies on his brains*, though if he *could stand upon his head*, there would be a chance for him of emolument. The Covent Garden actors are driven with their *legitimate drama* into a hole in Wych-street, known by the title of the Olympic Theatre. Will those titled animals who throng the boxes when Madame Vestris exhibits her fascinations at this house, will they continue their patronage to it, now that it is without its grosser attraction, and has only refined intellectual fare to offer as an inducement to visitors. Will the Lords and Lordlings who go to feast their sensual eyes upon the stale and certainly very *popular* charms of a certain actress continue their countenance to the establishment, now that they will find nothing but the chaste acting of Ellen Tree, and now that the pure poetry of Knowles has taken the place of licentious ribaldry. We fear not, though to the readers of *Figaro*, no appeal on behalf of good taste need be made in vain. We will not entreat all our readers to go and see the Wife at the Olympic, for it would be unfair to expect them from the "far offlands" which thousands of them inhabit, but we do solicit all our London readers to go, and see this play, for if they go only at the rate of one thousand persons per night, there are yet sixty nights of the season remaining, so that there is time for all of them.

With respect to the disposal of Covent Garden, it is said that it will be opened against the Olympic, with Paganini's concerts, to try the strength of the foreigner's catgut, against the harp strings of our English Apollo. We should be sorry to have any man assassinated by our suggestion, but we do recommend that if an attempt should be made to thrust Paganini on to those boards from which our own drama has been driven, that all London shall go to see him, and that indignation

> "Shall place in every honest hand an orange,
> To pelt the grasping rascal from the stage."

This thorough vagabond would have left our countrymen to starve in Paris, rather than scrape a single string for their benefit. Though the fellow may be patronised at concerts of the nobility, who may feel a sympathy with heartlessness and robbery united in one individual, let not the public be a second time duped by a creature whose heart is divided between the strings of his purse and those of his instrument. We seldom advocate violent measures, but we do say to the nation, if after his conduct to the English actors at Paris, Paganini dares to appear in public for pelf, let him find that the boards he profanes will serve for a pillory.——N. B. Rotten eggs may be had at all the London cheesemongers.

While Covent Garden is closed, Drury Lane might as well be shut up as far as the English drama is concerned, for we have nothing but a troop of German *Herrs*, French *Demoiselles*, and Madame *Malibran*. The latter is a delightful creature, both as an actress and a singer, but her province is the King's Theatre, though, notwithstanding she is an intruder where she now plays, genius like hers, is, wherever we find it, safe from our tomahawk.

Amid the general wreck of the drama, it is pleasing to find there are yet places where glimpses of it are to be discovered, and we earnestly direct attention to the City Theatre, where an original drama called *City Games* is being admirably represented. The piece is excellent in every respect, the language being throughout extremely good, and in many parts savouring of the true spirit of pure poetry. The characters are most felicitously drawn, the subject is historical, and the minor points of scenery and dresses have been attended to in a way which reflects the highest credit on the enterprising management. Surely when legitimate pieces are to be seen so effectively and cheaply as they are at the City Theatre, the house will not want for patronage.

Some months ago we drove a gang of Bedlamites out of a building in Tothill Street called "The Westminster," and by this charitable act we not only forced a nuisance out of the neighbourhood, but left the premises free for the occupation of a more respectable company. The house opened on Monday last with a new piece called *The Irishman's Home*, which is certainly one of the best written and most effective dramas that have ever been produced at a minor establishment, The subject has reference to the causes of the distress in Ireland, and the piece conveys a fine moral lesson worthy to be studied attentively by the absentee Irish aristocracy. The dialogue is good, and the situations so admirable, that we pronounce the author at once to be a man of extraordinary talent and considerable theatrical experience. The effects introduced are striking in the extreme, though in a trial scene, the being who enacted the judge, was guilty himself of a most atrocious murder—of the King's English. He marred the illusion most materially, notwithstanding he was perched behind an elevated table, in the dignity shed over him by two tallow candles, which though the time was supposed to be day, were granted him for the facility of reading his portion of the dialogue. We warned our readers against the Westminster once, but we can promise them that by seeing the *Irishman's Home* there, they will be exceedingly gratified.

The English Opera is filling every night, and deservedly so. We have not room to notice the new and successful piece of the Soldier's Widow: we only omit to do so for want of room, but next week, we shall give a longer notice of this amusing establishment.

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*** Read the case of William Cobbett, Esq. in "Boyles's Court Guide," for 1833

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